

## HELPFUL BOOKS TO ME.

GEO. A. COPP.

The Christian world in every land admits the Bible to be the fountain source of all books; the sun that gives light and warmth to all other books. All good books, are but the progeny of the Bible. In fact all good lives are but the pages of the Bible exemplified and worked out. All good human law is copied from the Bible. The Bible is heaven's code; it is the highest code extant, hence all other good books, good laws, and good lives must be only imitations or copies of that book. The Bible then is the first book to read. Next to it, to build a Christian life, I would select Pilgrim's Progress. Every one knows or should know of this book. It is the Christian life dramatized, or portrayed as it is found in this world. Then there is Baxter's Saint's Rest, another good old book. This book holds up to the Christian, who is running the race shown by Bunyan, the rest and glory awaiting the pilgrim at the end of the race. I have copied the greater part of this book so as to fasten it on my memory and to have it ready at all times for my benefit. These books prove themselves good from having run the gauntlet of centuries and survived exceeding trying times, while other books have been born only to die, because they were too weak and sickly to live.

I have found Bunyan's consoling work, his devotional work, his searching work and his awakening work all very helpful to me. John Flavel's Fountain of Life and Methods of Grace are useful and helpful works. The next book for one to select would be Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying. This man was once a confirmed drunkard and afterwards became one of the most devout Christians of modern times. After having found the books to lead a Christian life, I would look for books to brace up that life, and outside of the Bible, I would select Foxe's Book of Martyrs. This work shows how dearly our fathers loved our Lord Christ Jesus, and the self-denial, the reproach, and how the centuries have been bathed in blood that we might know the truth as it is in Christ Jesus and have the reward of those who diligently serve him. Next to his as a brace might be named Abbott's History of Christianity, which I have found quite helpful to me. Then to know the truth of the scriptures verified in history, I would select Josephus' Complete Work. This man, though not a Christian, by his own pen, and from the facts in history proves our Lord's prediction of its exact time and method of the destruction of Jerusalem. Eusebius' Ecclesiastical

History is quite a helpful work also in this respect. Then if I wished to know the doctrinal practice of the early church, I would select Turtullian's work, Wall's History of Infant Baptism, Justin Martyr's Apology and other works.

Finally to have a general information on all topics and meaning of words, and a summary of all the things in the world, I would select a good encyclopedia. Such a work is almost indispensable to a man who has occasion to use the pulpit or platform. I have Alden's Manifold Encyclopedia in forty volumes, but there are other and better works. Alden's is very helpful to me, and I wonder how I got along without it before I secured it.

But let me say a word to encourage those who may not have books. It is not the books that make the man altogether. Unless the mind comprehends the meaning, and the soul takes in the beauty and inspiration of the works as help, little good can be expected from reading any book. Some men have but few books and seek the closet and God for their help, while others rely upon their books and they fail in the end to be as helpful as God and a few works that they may have. While there are many books that are *helpful*, we should not forget that there are many *hurtful* books, and we should watch the introduction of such books into our homes as we would a serpent among our children, yea, more so, for a serpent can only kill the body but the hurtful book may kill the soul.

Fisher's Hill, Va.

## I HAVE NOT TIME.

GEO. A. RUFF.

Kind readers of the EVANGELIST; a few more thoughts on this most important subject of *time*, and I leave the problem with you for meditation. God has commanded you to dedicate one seventh part of your time to religious duties—and you have not *time* to become a Christian. You have lived, it may be, twenty-one years; then three years of that time have been Sabbaths. One whole year in seven. What has become of those Sabbaths? Are you still the enemy of God, and have had no time to become reconciled to him? Where are those years of Sabbaths? What report have they borne to heaven? Hast thou made those precious seasons by misimprovement only the means of thy greater guilt and deeper doom? And wilt thou still say, "I have no time?" Oh no; thy plea is in vain, thy excuse will no longer serve thee for a hiding-place from the arrows of truth. Dear friends you have *time*, time enough, precious time. But fleeting time is speeding its onward course.

"While we procrastinate, time urges on. His rapid flight and death draws near." And if Christ is still despised by you and your soul neglected, soon time with thee shall be no more. But you must find time to die. Poor, busy, bustling man, full of worldly cares, thou hast no time for reflections, to think of your God, to seek his pardoning mercy, to secure a Saviour's love and the salvation of thy soul. Busy worldling, hurried on from morning to night, and from day to day, pursuing the phantoms of life that continually elude thy grasp and mock thy fond expectations, thou must find time to die.

He whom I mentioned in my first article, who "had no time," found time to die. His business pressed him hard, but death paid no regard to those claims. He was ill, friends called to see him. They asked him of his eternal interests, his hopes beyond the grave. Oh, said he, "I have given too little attention to that subject." A few moments of religious conversation was all the time he had. Soon his friends left, his reason was affected by his disease, and so continued until death. He found time to die, but a dying bed afforded no time to become a Christian. Kind friends we must all find time to die. Death will soon call us from our eager pursuits of worldly good, we must soon exchange the busy scenes that now occupy our time and thoughts, for the stillness and solemnity of a dying bed. The shroud and the coffin shall enclose us, and the dark grave contain our dust until the archangel's trump shall call us forth to give our last account.

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;  
Repent, thy end is nigh:  
Death, at the farthest, cannot be far;  
O think before you die.

N. Manchester, Ohio. March 3.

## A PURE HOME.

There is nothing on earth for which we ought to be more thankful than for having been brought up in the atmosphere of a pure home. Such a home may be narrow and even hard. It may be deficient in material comforts, and utterly lacking in the graceful amenities that lend a charm to human life, but it has in it the forces on which great characters are nurtured.

A friend—a man as sturdy as forest oak—once said: "I was the son of poor parents, and from my youth up was inured to self-denial and hardship; but I do not remember ever to have heard a word from the lips of either my father or mother that was not as chaste as the driven snow."

Better such a recollection as that, than an inheritance of millions of money.

WORK for the good of Christ's people.